

# "The Army and Navy will dig the Huns' grave, but We must furnish the Spade"

By REV. WILLIAM A. SUNDAY —Billy Sunday

Uncle Sam's Liberty war chest needs filling again!

We have the cash to fill it as many times as he lifts the lid.

There are only two horns to this dilemma—you are either a patriot or a traitor.

The men on the firing line and on the battleships have turned from business, home, mother, wife, children, and they stand ready to give their lives and shield with their bodies us who remain at home.

We are unworthy to be thus protected, if we do not do our utmost to sustain them.

We must be one in our determination to win this war. We are traitors to the cause for which they are giving their lives, if we do things here that make their efforts harder.

Life is not worth living unless there is something to live for. *Life would not be worth living if that bunch of Heines should win.*

That is why they cannot win. That is why we cannot lose.

What a mountain of crime God has on his books against that horde of Hellish Huns. What grave is deep enough for this thousand-armed, thousand-footed, thousand-headed, thousand-horned, thousand-fanged pirate of the air, assassin of the seas, despoiler of the earth and ambassador of Hell!

We will never stop until Germany dips her dirty blood-stained rag to the Stars and Stripes.

It's a whale of a job we've tackled, but we can and must put it over.

But you must help.

Don't whine. Don't knock. You can't saw wood with a hammer. Don't turn the hose on the fire; add fuel.

**Buy Bonds! Buy Bonds! Buy Bonds!**

This Space Contributed to Winning the War by

**C. BUSH**

## How Much Would the KAISER Tax Your Business?

Think this thought twice over: "If we should fail to win this war what would happen to my business?"

What is left of business in the invaded districts of France and Belgium? What will be left of business here, if we fail to crush the sinister power of Prussian militarism? How much would you have left after paying the taxes and levies imposed by a victorious Germany?

**Defend Yourself With LIBERTY BONDS**

This is not only a war for Democracy and Liberty, but a war of self-defense. Germany menaces our rights, our self-respect, our homes, and our means of livelihood.

Every citizen—every business man—has weapons of defense ready to his hand. These weapons are Liberty Bonds. We cannot all fight with guns and bayonets but we can all fight with Liberty Bonds.

**Buy to Your Utmost**

Of course you have bought Liberty Bonds. Every one has. But how many more will you buy? The success of the Fourth Loan and of the war itself depends on your answer to that question.

Buy all the bonds you can. Go to your bank and make your arrangements. Buy more than you ever thought you could buy.

**Buy to Your Utmost**

This Space Contributed to Winning the War By

**B. F. COPELAND**



### Just Warts

You've heard of weasel words, words which suck the strength out of what you have to say? Well, we have before us this evening a pole cat word, a word used to soften suspicion or distract attention. For instance, the pole cat "specialist" who is invariably anonymous and always "perfecting" wonderful new remedies, urges you to "just get an ounce of"—and you go and get it. We know mighty little



EVEN A FROG HAS SOME SENSE.

If You Are Troubled With Warts, Don't Take the Chances of Blood Poison by Careless Treatment. Have a Good Physician to Cut Them Out for You.

about warts, hardly enough to venture a talk about them, so, with an apology to the beautiful and inoffensive animal above libelled, we entitle the talk "Just Warts."

Jadassohn inserted fragments of common or vulgar warts from four patients in superficial incisions of the skin in six adults. Out of seventy-four inoculations, thirty-three were followed in from two to three months by the development of warts, according to 1896, p. 497. This goes to show that warts must be caused by some specific micro-organism. A wart may be considered a nest of bacteria.

In young people warts are only a nuisance. When warts come on the skin of elderly people, or people of middle age, they seem to have a tendency to break down into little ulcers which presently prove to be cancerous. Hence, though a young person may daily with warts, any elderly person had better not.

Beyond all question the surest, safest, least troublesome way to dispose of a wart is by cutting it out, under local anesthesia, and bringing the edges of the little wound together with a stitch in order to prevent visible scar.

Occasionally warts are tubercular, acquired by handling tubercular carcasses or hides (butchers, etc.) and sometimes acquired by physicians and students in the dissecting room.

The reason why children more generally have warts than adults is that children indiscriminately handle everything and naturally hate to wash their hands. Warts go with uncleanness, and not with undue familiarity

### Does The Skin Show Health?

One of the crudest of all fishwife superstitions is the idea that a skin eruption, blackheads and pimples, for example, is a sign—well, a sign of anything in particular that is wrong with an individual's habits of health. That it has no such significance anyone may observe in the numbers of first class young physical specimens in the army showing more or less pimply skins.

The old-time nostrum maker, the fellow who used to dispose of veritable rivers of nice flavors like sarsaparilla in the guise of "blood purifiers," found this popular delusion a gold mine. Many a bottle of feebly medicated alcohol did he sell at a



Especially When It Comes to Paying Out Good Money for Worthless Nostrums Such as Pimple Cure and Skin Foods.

dollar per, or 69 cents in some stores, with a sort of implied guarantee to "rid the blood of humors"—whatever they may be.

It has been rather noticeable, in examining large numbers of young men and young women, boys and girls at the time of adolescence, that this condition of blackheads and pimples (doctors call it "acne") was quite as likely to be found in the healthiest, cleanest specimens as in the other class. Indeed, it is the opinion of some excellent physicians that the explanation for the frequency of pimples at adolescence is nothing more nor less than the very rapid maturation and growth of skin cells at that time of life, a growth so rapid that the skin is temporarily unable to cast off the superfluous cells.

The condition of the skin, its appearance, feel and activity, does tell the trained physician a great deal

with toads.

Sometimes a crop of warts on the hands may be cleared up by occasionally painting the whole affected surface with half strength iodine (half tincture of iodine and half alcohol), say, once in four or five days, and religiously scrubbing with soap and water several times a day to discourage microbes. Exposure to sunlight is also a cure in many cases. Condensing the sun's rays upon a wart with a reading glass every day, up to the limit of tolerance, will clear it up after a time. When too many warts are present to attempt the removal of each lesion, a few X-ray treatments will usually destroy them. A multiple growth of warts on unexposed skin is best attacked by the curette under ether.

There are as many sure cures for warts as there are victims of warts. Acids, caustics and other irritants are unwise, because these are often painful, usually unsatisfactory and sometimes apparently productive of malignant change in the lesion (cancer).

Moist warts, about moist surfaces, may be cleared up by careful cleanliness, and bathing with one dram of tannic acid dissolved in three ounces of alcohol, then powdering well with boric acid or zinc stearate. The region must be kept dry.

Questions and Answers. Miss A. J.: Is there any safe way of removing freckles?

Answer: Freckles which are produced by exposure to the sun and wind may be generally made to disappear if the skin is protected. The application of buttermilk or oatmeal poultices is a simple means that will facilitate disappearance. Freckles which appear in the skin after special exposure cannot be removed by such means but may be removed by the carbon dioxide ice. This method, however, is likely to produce slight redness of the skin. In the case of very dark brown freckles the redness may be preferable.

Mrs. H. F. E.: Can you tell me the cause of an enlarged joint of the big toe and how it can be cured?

Answer: The enlargement may be due to many causes, the most common being rheumatism, gout, and in the case of the great toe the pressure of an improperly shaped shoe. You may be suffering from a bunion requiring a slight operation. Change in shape of shoe would probably help.

Mrs. M. S. K.: What is a remedy for car-sickness? It is necessary for me to travel, but I am always frightfully sick.

Answer: Chronic auto-intoxication renders a person very susceptible to car-sickness and to seasickness. When the bowels are trained to move three or four times a day so that the blood is kept clean, car-sickness is less likely to occur. For immediate relief the horizontal position, the application of cold to the head, and keeping the eyes closed are simple measures of value.

D. S. A.: Please suggest a remedy for pin worms in children.

Answer: In worms are usually associated with constipation. Some form of purgative may be necessary. The family physician should be consulted.

about the state of a patient's metabolism. But the accident of a crop of pimples on the face tells neither the physician nor any old woman a single thing. This is not meant to imply that pimples and blackheads is not a disease. It is a disease, but as insignificant as decayed teeth, and a whole lot less important.

Neither is the color of the skin a criterion of the patient's health. Every experienced doctor knows how commonly patients with serious disease are assured by their friends that they are "the picture of health." That picture seems to be a vague combination of obesity, moderate or marked, with a rather obvious paralysis or weakness of the arterioles of the skin, which gives a florid or red appearance to the face.

Even the old grannies know well enough that young people with well established tuberculosis of the lungs may have what the casual observer considers a perfect complexion, but what the observing physician recognizes as the flush of fever and the abnormally bright or blue-white eyeball of anemia or weak blood.

The poor old liver is doled unmercifully by thousands of credulous folk who assume that a sallow skin calls for calomel or other alleged "liver regulators"—whatever they may be. Any doctor is aware that a rather fleshy person who becomes anemic, whose blood is weakened from any cause whatever, or whose circulation is even temporarily disturbed by emotional factors or acute illness, will show a sallow face, which is the natural color of the subcutaneous tissue, the fat layer of the skin, shining through and not tinted as pink as the blood usually tints the flesh.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Pellagra A Dietary Disease.

Mrs. B. What is the cause of pellagra? What are its principal symptoms? Is it contagious? Is it curable?

Answer: Pellagra is now widely regarded as a "deficiency disease" that is, it is supposed to be caused by a diet deficient in certain required food elements. This view is not universal by any means; but it is the view now held by the great majority of doctors. In a recent editorial in the Journal of American Medical Association says that, "In the case of pellagra the theory of a possible infection factor continually reasserts itself."

Its principal symptoms are emaciation, persistent diarrhea, a characteristic eruption on face and hands; and later generally in the course of the disease, insanity. It is not contagious. It is curable, especially if treated by a good physician in the early stages. The principal treatment is dietary.

## LIFE IS SAVED BY HANDKERCHIEF

Aviator, Stranded in No Man's Land, Faces Fire of Friend and Foe.

### WAVED SIGNAL TO FRENCH

By Fast Running Sergeant Baughman Reaches Comrades in Safety—Is Rewarded With Military Medal by the French.

Washington.—Flight Sergeant James H. Baughman of Washington, who was transferred from the Lafayette escadrille to the Paris Air Defense squadron, has been reported a prisoner in unofficial advices to his mother, Mrs. Mary A. Baughman, president of the Dixie Agricultural company of Washington. Sergeant Baughman joined the Lafayette escadrille in 1917 when he was eighteen years old and won the Military medal, the highest French honor to noncommissioned men.

The incident that earned the sergeant the medal was described in a letter he wrote recently. Paying tribute to the wonderful spirit of his French comrades, Sergeant Baughman said:

"We had been sent out to patrol back of the German lines and to attack anything enemy we saw. Having incendiary balls in my gun, I was prepared to attack a German 'sausage' or observatory balloon. Just as I was beginning the descent to attack, I saw a Boche airplane going in the direction of our lines to do photographic work. I put on full speed and signaled to the other planes to follow. They evidently did not see my signal, for they didn't go down with me. When I got 100 meters from the Boche I started firing. The enemy replied by turning loose both guns at me. I must have got him, however, with the first blast, for when I pulled up to make another dive he was silent.

"Then something happened that would make the goddest man on earth cuss, and as I am not one of the best, you can imagine that I left little un-said. My motor stopped absolutely dead. There was only one thing for me to do and that was to dive, lose the Boche and try to volplane to the French lines. As I went past the German machine it immediately came down and, putting some nice steel very close to him, I did all the acrobacy I had ever learned. When I had finished I found that I had come down from 10,000 to 1,000 feet and there was no Boche in sight.

Alone in No Man's Land.

"I then looked around for a place to land. I saw a fairly good place off to the right and made it. I then stepped out of the machine—right on the face of a dead German. It took me a minute to realize what was happening and I awoke to the sound of bullets whizzing past my head. That didn't disturb me much, because I was wondering why somebody hadn't buried the German. Looking around, however, all I could see was dead Germans. It suddenly dawned on me that I was in No Man's Land. Of all the places there are to land in France and Germany, I had to land between the two.

"Then I realized what a predicament I was in and began to think up some way to get out of it. The thought came to me that if I was nearer the German lines than to the French, I had better get rid of those incendiary balls in my pocket, for if the Germans catch you with them you are shot at once. I climbed back into my machine to the tune of bullets and took out a load of over 300 cartridges, threw them on the ground and then removed my compass and altimeter.

"The first thing I struck was a grave, unfinished, with two of the enemy in it. I eased myself down into it, lifted up one of the Germans and put the cartridges beneath him. I started walking back to my machine. As I got near it the Boche lines started their mitrailleurs and rifles at me, and the French, unaware that I was one of them, also opened up. I had to walk 500 feet between the lines and it was no joke with all that fire concentrated in my direction. One bullet passed so close to my face that I really felt the wind. I decided that I'd have to go to one of the lines, enemy or friend, but just then I heard a machine overhead. I looked up and saw white puffs breaking out all around it.

Signaled With Handkerchief.

"On the way the fire got so hot I had to fall face down, and I didn't move for, I guess, five minutes. There being no good reason for my being shot like a dog, I yanked out my handkerchief and waved it at the French lines.

"They finally got it, after ten minutes of waving, and I saw a French officer beckoning me from a bit of woods. If there ever has been a faster 50-yard sprint I never heard of it. I ran so fast that I ran right into the officer, and very nearly knocked his revolver out of his hand. I showed him my identification card and then started cursing him for shooting at me. He had been taking potshots at me out there. He apologized, saying that he could only see my head, because his position was slightly lower than No Man's Land.

"They took me up to the divisional general, and I reported that I had seen more than 300 dead Germans and only two Frenchmen. It made him so happy that he gave me a dinner, and complimented me for being a good soldier."